

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

A Year of Progress

The year now closing has witnessed a substantial improvement in the business situation of the country at large and a betterment in local conditions. It has been a year of good crops and while prices have not been all that was desired, they have been better than those received a year ago and indicate a drift toward further improvement.

For Salem, the year has been one of steady progress, of the resumption of building activities upon a large scale, and of the expansion of industry. More fruit has been processed and packed than ever in the city's history. It has been a busy year for local factories, all of which have been in continuous operation, and though profits have not been large, the promise for the future is bright.

Prosperity of the country depends to a large extent upon the satisfactory settlement of European problems and the resumption of foreign commerce. All signs point to America's participation early in the new year in world economic conferences which will undoubtedly solve international problems and establish a basis for reconstruction. The upward movement of the cycle of production is likely to continue if foreign issues are satisfactorily settled and there is not too sharp advance in prices.

The coming year promises locally to be a busy and prosperous one. Building will probably continue upon a large scale. Lumber and other manufactures have output booked far ahead. The paper mill will greatly increase its production. Enlarged canneries will be needed to handle the increasing fruit and berry yields. Improved marketing promises better prices and with the returning betterment of industrial conditions, there will be a drift of population toward Oregon from less favored regions.

Neither Salem nor any other city can however attain its full measure of growth and prosperity, unless the people of the community pull together. Factional fights and discords must be eliminated. Bitterness engendered by political and religious animosities never built up a town but have wrecked many of them. All must practice the tolerance that has made the nation great among the peoples of the world, and work in harmony to uphold Salem and develop the tributary region.

The Pie Seekers

It is said that when Governor-elect Pierce is approached by patriots seeking seats at the pie-counter as a reward for sacrifice made in the good cause, he looks soulfully into the face of the applicant, grasps his fist affectionately with one hand while he pats him familiarly on the back with the other, and says in a voice choking with emotion and suppressed sobs: "God bless you, my boy, you will have my earnest consideration" and the office seeker joyfully departs convinced that he is among the fortunate elect.

However, if many feel the call, but few can be chosen and unquestionably Governor Pierce will just as tactfully break the news when hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and pass the buck to a debased legislature or a conspiring board of control, that tie his hands and thwart his projects, and instead of losing a partisan, strengthen himself politically. Like every successful politician, Mr. Pierce realizes the truth of Disraeli's remark that "gratitude is the expectation of future favors."

Though the office-seeker may not realize it, Governor Pierce will really be conferring a favor upon him if he fails to appoint him to office—and the younger the applicant, the greater the favor. There is no surer way to demoralize a promising career than by political preferment. There is no more ungrateful employer than the public and no better way to unfit a man for life. The salaries are not as high as car be earned in business, altho the work may be lighter, there is little or no opportunity for advancement, and about the time when familiarity with the work makes one valuable, along comes a change of administration that throws him into a cold world, jobless and usually cashless.

There is no reason why any ambitious youth should seek public office which all but closes the door of opportunity. By preventing men from becoming political hangers-on and financial near-do-wells, Mr. Pierce will really be doing them a good turn. Besides, those whom Mr. Pierce desires to appoint to make his administration a success, are not applicants for the jobs, but those who have made good in other lines than politics.

Along State Street

Many people are kept busy trying to avoid trouble.

Trouble is one production in which the supply exceeds the demand.

People who think only of themselves have very little use for brains.

Some people never pay till the collectors come; others pay as they go.

It's a good habit to hope for the best, but it's a better one to fight for it.

The cheapest man in the world is one who refuses to laugh at his own expense.

It is terribly flattering to a man to have a jury value his affections at \$465,000.

One of the penalties of becoming a great nation is, the larger we grow the more Congressmen we have to have.

The intelligence of a man is usually measured by his wife according to his ability to make their relatives laugh.

Girls should be admired for their courage, or they never would expose themselves to weather and criticism the way they do.

THRIFT WEEK PLANS LAID FOR SILVERTON

Edwin Socolofsky, secretary of the Marion county Y. M. C. A., and D. W. Eyre, president of the United States National bank here, returned yesterday evening from Silvertown where they attended a meeting of business men called for the purpose of outlining a thrift program for the national thrift week, January 17 to 23.

At the meeting, held at the Coolidge-McClain bank, Charles Reynolds, assistant cashier of the bank, was named as general chairman of the executive committee which is to arrange for prize money for the best essays on thrift to be written by the students of the schools. Professor B. T. Youell

and Mrs. Helen Wrightman, president of the Silvertown Parent-Teacher association, were also named on the committee. J. M. Montgomery, of the Silver Falls Logging company, and Charles Benson, president of the Four Ls, stated that they would carry on the thrift week program at the camps with meetings for the men of both the day and night shifts.

One of the strong features of the thrift week which was urged by Mr. Eyre, local chairman of the week, was the beginning of a budget for the household.

PANTOMIME—By J. H. Striebel

The Baby



The Regeneration of Malcolm Starmount

By IDA H. MCGLONE GIBSON

A Dinner Guest

"Am I going to see one of the new gowns this evening, Mary?" inquired Starmount as he rose to go and dress for dinner.

"Perhaps. They haven't arrived yet, you know. And please let me tell you something funny, my Lord, Madame thought I was just a little girl."

"Well aren't you?" Starmount teased.

"No, my Lord, I never was a little girl, I have always been a woman, ever since I knew what an aching pain there was in the heart of a woman. I have had to think about everyone in my family ever since I could think at all. Did I never tell you that I used to sell papers after school when I was only nine?"

Starmount patted her head tenderly and started again for the door.

"Wait just a minute. I want to tell you this. You see Madame thought I was about 14 years old and she kept asking Miss Jeffries to offer suggestions about my dresses and once she called her my governess."

"It made Miss Jeffries very nervous but it gave me an idea. Why can I not spend some of all that money that you have given me for a really truly governess?"

"You certainly can my dear. I'll get one and send her back with you to the camp."

"When do you think that Eddie and I will be well enough to come back here and live?"

"I hope that will be very soon, for I want you both to get well. But it won't make very much difference where you live, Mary, as I am going away for a long stay."

For a moment the girl turned paler, if possible, than she had been before and then she raised her head with an effort.

"Do you want me to stay here or at the camp, my Lord?"

"I want you to stay at the camp and stay until you are thoroughly well and then you can come here or go to the shore, which ever you please. You know we're going to send Eddie to college when it's time for him to go, and I want you to grow up and be beautiful, and when I come back we'll give a great big party and invite all the young men in town and we'll stand them up in a line before you and you can make your choice, and like the good little princess, marry and live happily ever after."

"Is that the way you have planned it out for me, my Lord?" It was a very weak little trembling voice that asked the question.

"Yes, don't you like the plan?"

"It makes no difference if I like it or not. I am only here because you want me and I would be a pretty poor kind of a stick if I did not carry out any kind of a plan you would make for me."

Starmount stooped and kissed Mary's soft hair. "I do not think that I shall ever marry," he said.

"And so when the prince comes vowing, if he be worthy, I shall give him anything he asks even to half of my kingdom."

Mary did not even smile at this sally and Starmount was rather surprised at a kind of little choky feeling in his own throat, as this time he hurriedly left her to make his belated dinner toilet.

When he came down Miss Jeffries and Mary were both in the drawing room and he hardly knew the child in a plain little frock of pale blue chiffon velvet, he hair banded with a silver fillet and silver shoes and stockings as she stood demurely before him.

"Did you pick out this frock, Miss Jeffries?" he asked.

"Yes, she did, and I picked out her's," asserted Mary unexpectedly.

"And I tell you that Madame caught her breath when we told her where to send the things."

"Are you Mary Devlin?" she asked me curiously.

"Yes, Madame, I answered. Before I could speak up and tell her that I was almost 17, Miss Jeffries spoke up and said, Miss Devlin is younger than most girls of her age."

With great ceremony Starmount offered his arm to Miss Jeffries and

Mary followed after and there was only one awkward moment at the table and that was when Katie O'Toole followed the butler into the dining room.

Katie was frightened and dropped a Celtic courtesy to Starmount, something she never would have done at any other time.

Mary seated her at the right of Starmount and ordered desert to be set before her.

"This is Katie that I told you about, my Lord."

"Yes, I have seen Katie before," Starmount's eyes twinkled.

For the first time in all his life, Malcolm Starmount was the best at just this kind of a party, and as usual, when everything proceeded a new sensation for him he forgot everything else and was perfectly happy.

He showed to Mary a completely new side of his character and accepted as the highest compliment, Katie's declaration after a gale of laughter over something he had said that:

"My Lord, is as funny as Billy Van Lein, the smartest cop on the force."

"Mr. Starmount your car is at the door."

Starmount frowned as he looked up quickly. "It is after eight," ventured the man and Mr. Parker telephoned that he would meet you at the theatre.

"Damn," said Starmount under his breath as he bade his guests good night.

(Continued Monday)

CHRISTMAS BUYING UNUSUALLY HEAVY

Washington, Dec. 30.—Although lacking definite figures, department of commerce officials assert that the Christmas buying this year was "exceptionally large." Department and other stores have reported sales among the largest in many years.

Mail orders, it is stated, were the largest on record.

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The Pride of Palomar

BY PETER B. KYNE
Author of "Kindred of the Dust," "Cappy Ricks," Etc.
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"Certainly. Also, he houses them. You love him. He loves you. Doubtless he'll know you the minute you enter the pasture."

"How long has Pablo been a pensioner?"

"From birth. He's mostly Indian, and all the work he ever did never hurt him. But, then, he was never paid very much. He was born on the ranch and has never been more than twenty miles from it. And his wife is our cook. She has relatives, too."

The captain burst out laughing. "But surely this Pablo has some use," he suggested.

"Well he feeds the dogs, and in order to season his frijoles with the salt of honest labor, he saddles my father's horse and leads him round to the house every morning. Through out the remainder of the day, he sits outside the wall and, by following the sun, he manages to remain in the shade. He watches the road to proclaim the arrival of visitors, smokes cigarettes, and delivers caustic criticisms on the younger generation when he can get anybody to listen to him."

"How old is your father, Farrel?"

"Seventy-eight."

"And he rides a horse?"

"He does worse than that." Farrel laughed. "He rides a horse that would police you, sir. On his seventieth birthday, at a rodeo, he won first prize for roping and hog-tying a steer."

"I'd like to meet that father of yours, Farrel."

"You'd like him. Any time you want to spend a furlough on the Palomar, we'll make you mighty welcome. Better come in the fall for the quail-shooting." He glanced at his wrist watch and sighed. "Well, I suppose I'd do well to be toddling along in the service?"

The captain nodded.

"My people are hell-benders on conforming to custom, also," he added. "We've all been field-artillery men."

"I believe I thanked you for a favor you did me once, but to prove I meant what I said, I'm going to send you a horse, sir. He is a chestnut with silver points, five years old, sixteen hands high, sound as a Liberty Bond, and bred in the purple. He is beautifully reined, game, full of ginger, but gentle and sensible. He'll weigh ten hundred in condition, and he's as active as a cat. You can win with him at any horse-show and at the head of a battery. Dios! He is every inch a caballero!"

"Sergeant, you're much too kind. Really—"

"The things we have been through together, sir—all that we have been to each other—never can happen again. You will add greatly to my happiness if you will accept this animal as a souvenir of our very pleasant association."

"Oh, son, this is too much! You're giving me your own private mount."

cost at least fifty dollars. "We ought to have Jim Crow cars for these cock-sure sons of Nippon," the ex-soldier growled to himself. "We'll come to it yet if something isn't done about them. They breed so fast they'll have us crowded into back seats in another decade."

He had had some unpleasant clashes with Japanese troops in Siberia, and the memory of their studied insolence was all the more poignant because it had gone unchallenged. He observed, now that the Japanese passenger had permitted the screen door to slam in the face of the man following him; with a very definite appreciation of the good things of life, he had instantly selected the chair in the corner opposite Farrel, where he could smoke his cigar free from the wind. Following the Japanese came an American, as distinctive of his class as the Japanese was of his. In point of age, this man was about fifty years old—a large man strikingly handsome and of impressive personality. He courteously held the door open to permit the passage of the girl whom Farrel had noticed when he first entered the car.

To Farrel, at least, a surprising incident now occurred. There were eight vacant seats on the platform and the girl's glance swept them all; he fancied it rested longest upon the chair beside him. Then, with the faintest possible little moue of disapproval, she seated herself beside the Japanese. The other man took the seat in front of the girl, half turned, and entered into conversation with the Japanese.

Farrel studied the trio with interest, decided that they were traveling together, and that the man in the gray tweeds was the father of the girl. She bore a striking resemblance to him and had inherited his handsome features a thousandfold, albeit her eyes were different, being large, brown, and wide apart; from them beamed a sweetness, a benignity, and tenderness that, to the impressionable Farrel, bespoke men-

tal as well as physical beauty was gowned, gloved, and hatless in rich simplicity.

"I think that white man is the East," Farrel concluded, though why that impression to him, he would have been loath to explain. Perhaps it was cause he appeared to associate terms of social equality with an anese whose belligerence, combined with an evident desire to agree everything the white man said, claimed him anything but a merchant representative or a va-

Presently the girl's brown were turned casually in Farrel's direction, seemingly without intent. Instantly he rose, fixed her a comprehending look, nodded most imperceptibly toward the chair he was vacating, and returned his seat inside the car. Her brows lifted a trifle; her all-inclination of the head was robbed of the chill of brevity by a flashing smile of gratitude, not so much for the sacrifice of his seat in favor as for the fine courtesy which had moved him to proffer it without making his action an excuse sit beside her and attempt an acquaintance.

From his exile, Farrel observed with satisfaction how quickly the girl excused herself to her companion and crossed over to the vacant in her favor.

At the first call for luncheon, entered the diner and was given seat at a small table. The seat beside him was unoccupied, and when the girl entered the diner and was shown to this vacant seat Farrel thrilled pleasantly.

(To Be Continued.)

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Albany	\$1.13	Junct. City	\$2.78	Tacoma	\$10.58
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Bend	\$15.72	Oreoc	\$2.79	Walla Wa'	\$15.84
Corvallis	\$1.65	Pendleton	\$14.43	Wilsonville	\$1.53
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Harrisburg	\$2.54	Seattle	\$12.63	Yakima	\$19.16

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Oregon Electric Railway

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